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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Number of members, 45. Land, 228 acres. Business, Publishing, Job Printing, Manufactures, and Horticulture.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and fictitiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does not mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

WHERE IS GOD?

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

"DRAW nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." This is a very simple injunction, and most people think they know what it means; but it raises the question, "Where is God?" for in order to know how to draw nigh to him, we must know where he is. Children are generally taught to answer that he is up in the sky; but in the Bible we find many expressions which turn us to the inward part of man as the place where God dwells. Christ said that the Father was in him, and he represented himself as being in believers: "I in them, and thou in me." In the times of the Old Testament, the common idea which represents God as being in the sky was tolerated, perhaps favored; but in the New Testament he is always represented as being *inside of men*. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

The theory thus propounded, though startling at first, is sustained by all the analogies of nature. We can turn to multitudes of examples where one thing is contained within another, and where the interior thing, being the more valuable and refined of the two, is that for which the other exists. Here before us is the water in the tumbler, the oil in the lamp, and the juice in the apple. In the human body the veins are within the flesh, the blood within the veins, and so on. The egg is a still more perfect example of a series of things placed one within another, and each more important and vital as you go inward. First is the shell, then the white, then the yolk, and within the yolk a nucleus, and within the nucleus the nucleolus, which is supposed to be the final germ and center of vital action. From all such examples we are led to conceive that God is in relation to human beings and to all life, like the juice in the apple or like the vital germ within the yolk of the egg.

There is every reason to believe that the universe, in the largest sense, has this concentric plan of organization. The proof is this: The heavenly bodies act upon one another by gravitation, by light, by heat and by electricity. Now for the conveyance of these forces there must be a common medium extending throughout the interstellar spaces and connecting all worlds. It is impossible to conceive that one body should act on another without the interposition of some such connecting and conducting element. In the stellar system this element is of a nature so subtle as to be beyond our present powers of perception; nevertheless, a rational idea of the planetary relations requires us to imagine all these worlds as floating in a common element, and pervaded by a

common medium; and according to the New Testament theory which we are considering, still within this infinitesimal element is God.

With such a conception of the universe, it is not absurd to think and speak of God as being up in the sky. The old theory comes into some proximity with the new. Wherever the interstellar principle exists, there, as its interior content, is God. He is thus anywhere and everywhere—up in the sky as well as in the nearer spaces. Perhaps we can better conceive of him as in the entire universe around us, than as merely interior to ourselves or to the earth.

Some Spiritualists assert that the heavens are connected with the earth and move with it. I dare not go into that sort of speculation; but I feel safe in going in the general direction that I have indicated, to find God, i. e., from things visible to things invisible; from those which are coarse and fixed to those which are fluid, refined and subtle; from things which *contain* to those which are *contained*. That is certainly the general direction in which we are to seek God. We find one thing within another as a visible fact, and following on into the invisible, we must assume that the series extends indefinitely, not to say infinitely beyond the cognizance of the microscope. There must be matter as much more refined than those atoms which limit the power of the microscope, as those are smaller than the globes of the solar system. There is absolutely no limit to the series. The heavens, as related to the earth, are in that direction, and occupy, in their infinite tenuity, all the central spaces of matter, as well as of the soul.

From this view, what help shall we get for drawing near to God? In one way I certainly get help. It leads me to fasten my attention on the smallest things, instead of the greatest. It teaches me that bulk, in the common acceptance of the term, instead of being the measure of power, is the opposite; it is the measure of coarseness and inertia. By seeking the seat of power in the direction of what is central and refined, we get into a habit of mind which draws us toward God. The carnal mind turns toward bulk; the spiritual mind, like the Homœopathic philosophy, sees that attenuated things are the strongest. Perhaps that is the reason why humility is of so great value. Meekness and lowliness, when thoroughly analyzed, consist, partly at least, in getting rid of slavery to the idea of bulk.

It is only when reduced to the smallest condition, that we are nearest right. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." It is easy for us to look abroad into the great spaces of the universe; but to turn back into the fine interior of things is to find a narrow way—a

strait gate. "It is easier," said Christ, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." That could not be if the kingdom of heaven were one of those great local spheres, such as the Spiritualists describe as being within a certain distance from the earth. A rich man can go there as well as a poor man. But if the kingdom of heaven is in the direction of the *smallest* things—the *interior* of all elements—then I can imagine how a rich man, whose mind is engrossed and identified with his possessions—his houses, barns, farms, cash, safe, and such bulky things—should not be able to enter into it. He can have no conception of the inner spiritual existences: the more his attention is confined to those external things in which his wealth consists, the less is the possibility of his finding the strait gate, by turning back into the infinitesimal elements which lead to God.

If the universe is formed on the concentric principle, with God and the spiritual heavens at the center, there is without doubt a corresponding formation in humanity. Man is the image of God, a microcosmic copy of the universe; and the series of interior contents in him, beginning with the blood which is in his flesh and the life which is in his blood, undoubtedly goes on until he matches in himself every element in the universe, even to the divine. The whole series of principles that are in the universe being in man, it follows that he is capable of communicating with any of the heavens and all the interiors of the universe up to God himself. It is not necessary for him to go somewhere out of himself to get into communication with heaven. Christ said of himself, "The Son of Man is in heaven." He lived in heaven while in this world. The same privilege is open to any man who will retire within himself and seek for the central life.

GOOD AND EVIL PRINCIPALITIES.

BY H. THACKER.

THERE are doubtless many sincere believers in Christianity and the Bible who, though they recognize the spirits or principalities of good and evil, yet have no positive evidence, so far as their own experience goes, of either; and especially whose knowledge concerning the existence of such a being as a personal devil is vague and unsatisfactory. During the recent discussions on this subject my mind recurred to the time, many years ago, when I found myself laboring in doubt and in an unsatisfactory state of experience concerning the salvation of the soul; but more particularly to the time when, passing through a sea of trial and suffering, I was thoroughly convinced of the existence of the two principalities of good and evil—God and the Devil.

While thus in a state of struggle and great anxiety, I came to a point where I determined in myself to make any sacrifice, if by so doing I might come to a perfect knowledge of the truth. This act of sincerity seemed to precipitate me into still greater depths of darkness and suffering, from which I was utterly powerless to extricate myself. I seemed to have lost all control of my thoughts, and was forced

to believe everything that was presented to my mind. I was wholly unprepared for such an experience, and not understanding it became frightened and thought I was going to be crazy. This thought haunted me continually, notwithstanding I examined myself critically, and took every measure to convince myself it was not the case. Accusations assailed me, and every evil imagination under the sun was thrust into my mind. At times my sufferings seemed beyond endurance, and I had no one to sympathize with or help me. In fact, all my spiritual associates, save one or two, had forsaken me; and those who stood by could only say that they believed my suffering was the fiery trial spoken of by the apostle Peter, through which all the faithful would sooner or later have to pass. But I could see no way out of such suffering. On the contrary, it was insinuated into my mind that I should never be delivered—that I had allowed myself to be led into a state of falsehood, and there was now no help for me. This condition of things continued for many days without intermission. Thus driven to despair, I one day sat brooding over my condition, when I involuntarily said to myself, "Well! I have done the best I knew how, and if I am lost I can't help it." Almost instantly a sudden flash, as of sunlight from under a cloud, came over me, and seemed to pass right through me, and to sweep away the darkness which like a weight had hung upon me; and for a moment my suffering ceased. I was startled! I grasped at the vision like a drowning man grasping at a straw; but before I could collect my thoughts or divine its meaning the thing was gone from me, and the cloud of darkness again settled upon me.

My imagination now set to work to account for the phenomenon, but I could not tell what it was, nor whence it came; and I was after a time persuaded to think of it as a flash of the imagination, or a sort of dream. Nevertheless, the momentary relief the vision brought caused my mind day by day to recur to the singular experience, whatever it was; but I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion about the matter, and I was so oppressed by the weight upon my spirit, that life itself seemed a burden. Still I could reason, and satisfied myself in many ways that I was not crazy. Also my familiarity with the Scriptures remained the same; but all was most ingeniously turned against me, and I could bring nothing to bear by way of relief. While thus weighed down in despair, and pondering over my sad condition, the same phenomenon previously spoken of happened to me again. This time it was repeated two or three times in succession at short intervals. I could only compare my experience and sensations to that of the sun breaking from under a cloud and suddenly disappearing again; but this time the intervals allowed more time for thought, and I seemed to get a better view of my situation.

It now flashed into my mind that other powers than my own were engaged in the terrible conflict through which I was passing; that nothing short of superhuman power was able to handle me in the way I was handled. I now began to reason on my case in a more rational manner. I could say, "I believe in God,

and know I have felt the *influence* of his spirit and enjoyed peace and happiness. I also believe in a Devil; and why should not I believe also that he has power to attack my happiness in this world? and that it is no less than the spirit of Satan himself, that has thus come upon me unawares, and is the cause of all my suffering and temptation? and that God is trying to pierce this dark, unbelieving spirit that is over me and that has so oppressed me by turning everything into a lie?" This view of things very much relieved me, but I greatly feared and trembled in making the charge, and many times the accusing spirit assailed me in order to make me take it back; but I never did, and, God being my helper, I never shall.

Hope now revived, and by watching for and cleaving to the smallest manifestation of the good spirit, and at the same time resisting with all the power I could bring to bear on that which my experience had taught me was the evil spirit, I gradually recovered myself from the snare of the devil which had bound me. The battle, however, was a long one, and I did not fully recover from its effects, nor was wholly able to account for the mysterious way in which I was handled, until I read J. H. N.'s "Religious Experience," published shortly after. Could I have read that at the time, or have found any one who had passed through a similar ordeal, I might, doubtless, have been saved a great amount of suffering. Still I by no means regret my experience, as I was by it made fully conscious of the existence of a personal Devil.

HOW I CAME INTO THE TRUE PATH.

II.

BY JAMES BURTON HERRICK.

THERE were a number of German students in the Seminary, who threw a stumbling-block in my way by calling my attention to the philosophy of Kant, which I consented to study. The effect of so doing was to make me attribute the vivid religious experience I had had to transcendentalism. My head was thus set at war against my heart. God had entered my heart, and now my brain sought a method for reducing all religious experience to an intellectual formula. Instead of trying to reconcile things which seemed contradictory, I took the ground that all truth is transcendental, and that contradictions between two things which seemed equally true is a proof that absolute truth is beyond and above human understanding. When, therefore, I was asked, "How can you be in Christ and at the same time a sinner?" I answered that although the two propositions are contradictory, yet this contradictory condition is a fact of experience that cannot be ignored. I conceived the idea that Paul, the apostle, is in this same transcendental state—a sinner, yet in Christ; nor could I at that time defend his moral character from the calumnies of the commentators and the general opinions of theologians. Under the influence of this philosophy my religious experience became gradually dimmed. Still, the conviction never left me that Christ could save me from sin in this world.

The thought of working for God was very stimulating to me. I acted as chaplain to the

city jail and almshouse of Alexandria, and was superintendent of a large Sunday-school of negro slaves. I found that the great majority of those committed to the jail were confined there for drunkenness, and the thought occurred to me that if I could get them all to sign the temperance pledge, I could with one stroke make an end of their crimes. Animated by this idea I went to a temperance society, borrowed its pledge-book and took it to the cells, where the prisoners very readily wrote their signatures after taking the usual solemn oath of total abstinence. I then went to the mayor of the city, and told him what I had done, and begged him to let these inebriates out of prison. After considerable debate, during which I pleaded their cause as well as I could, he consented to let them go free. My ardor abated when, only a few days afterward, I found in the cells the same prisoners, who had been recommitted for the same offense. "Is there not a society that can prevent lying?" I asked myself.

The Missionary Society of the Seminary had been instrumental in encouraging a number of men to go to Africa and China; foreign missionaries of our denomination, when visiting this country for helpers, always came to the Seminary. Bishop Boon of China, a man of fine character and enthusiastically devoted to his mission, during a visit to the Seminary received eight pledges from those who were willing to return with him; and he pledged himself to secure funds for their support by special appeal to the Church in this country. When I gave myself to God I asked him to choose where I should labor; and I thought: here is North America with but a population of forty-nine millions, and it has thousands of preachers and a nominal Christian church covering all the thickly settled portions of the country; while Asia, with a population of six hundred and twenty-nine millions, has but a handful of missionaries, and they have to contend with systems of organized heathenism; so when I first heard from Bishop Boon his plan for enlarging his mission I told him I was willing to go with him, and by his advice made application to the Board of Foreign Missions to be sent with the company afterwards formed at the Seminary; but to my surprise, after considerable delay, I was the only one of the company whom the Board refused to send. The reason for their so doing I have never known, but surmised it was owing to a rumor which was current that I was a leader among the Perfectionists in the Seminary.

(To be continued.)

THE SUPERIOR LOVE.

I HAVE a growing appreciation of true, unselfish love—love which first seeks the good of others, and gives God the primary place in our hearts and refuses to make an idol of any of his creatures. With a strong natural tendency to idolatrous love, the change which has taken place in my own heart and in the hearts of my companions seems miraculous. I used to ask myself, "Is it possible for me to ever realize a condition in which I can love all my brothers and sisters and not love some

one idolatrously? in other words, have my heart filled with Community love instead of special love—have the love described in the 13th chapter of 2d Corinthians in place of the one love so popular in novels?" Scorching experience had from time to time taught me that idolatrous love, though sweet to think of, was bitter to take, and bad in its results to soul, mind and body. I am now unreservedly devoted to promoting this higher kind of love—love that seeks unity one with another and the distribution of a good spirit as the most important work in which we can be engaged. That will bring the peace of God into our hearts, and the peace of God is Heaven.

G. E. C.

"MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

v.

THE labors of our gardener are drawing to a close. The fruit (if the boys have left any) is gathered, the vegetables are all snugly stored in the cellar, and all things that remain in the garden laid away and covered up for their winter's sleep. With the soft autumn haze around him, the falling leaves floating gently down, he goes out to view the land of his labors. He indulges in a few regrets:

I had too vague expectations of what my garden would do of itself. A garden ought to produce one everything—just as a business ought to support a man, and a house ought to keep itself. We had a convention lately to resolve that the house should keep itself; but it won't. There has been a lively time in our garden this summer; but it seems to me there is very little to show for it. It has been a terrible campaign; but where is the indemnity? Where are all "sacs" and Lorraine? It is true that we have lived on the country; but we desire, besides, the fruits of the war. There are no onions, for one thing. I am quite ashamed to take people into my garden, and have them notice the absence of onions. It is very marked. In onion is strength; and a garden without it lacks flavor. The onion in its satin wrappings is among the most beautiful of vegetables; and it is the only one that represents the essence of things. It can almost be said to have a soul. You take off coat after coat, and the onion is still there; and, when the last one is removed, who dare say that the onion itself is destroyed, though you can weep over its departed spirit. If there is any one thing on this fallen earth that the angels in heaven weep over more than another, it is the onion.

I know that there is supposed to be a prejudice against the onion; but I think there is rather a cowardice in regard to it. I doubt not that all men and women love the onion; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed. Good New-Englanders are as shy of owning it as they are of talking about religion. Some people have days on which they eat onions—what you might call "retreats," or their "Thursdays." The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery; not a breath of it must get abroad. On that day they see no company; they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend; they retire within themselves, and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral and vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family which can eat onions together. They are for the time being separate from the rest of the world, and have a harmony of aspiration. There is a hint here for the reformers. Let them become apostles of the onion; let them eat and preach it to their fellows, and circulate tracts of it in the form of seeds. In the onion is the hope of universal brotherhood. If all men will eat onions at all times, they will come into a universal sympathy. Look at Italy. I hope I am not mistaken as to the cause of her unity. It was the Reds who preached the gospel which made it possible. All the Reds of Europe, all the sworn devotees of the mystic Mary Ann, eat of the common vegetable. Their oaths are strong with it. It is the food also of the common people of Italy. All the social atmosphere of that delicious land is laden with it. Its odor is a practical democracy. In the churches all are alike; there is one faith, one smell. The entrance of Victor Emanuel into Rome is only the pompous proclamation of a unity which garlic had already

accomplished; and yet we, who boast of our democracy, eat onions in secret.

So we bring to a close these sketches, gleaned here and there from the pages of this charming volume. Charming we call it, chiefly on account of its freshness and happy humor. The ideas are quaint and original. Profound, the book certainly is not. It contains the lightest thoughts, calculated to entertain one's lightest hours.

A vein of irreverence, which runs through the book, is its most noticeable fault, and gives us the impression that the author, cultivated intellectually, and evidently a man of fine perceptions and keen observation, has as yet missed the finest culture, that of the heart, which we firmly believe shall yet, subordinating intellect, give to all writing a spice and charm before unknown. This fault excepted, we have liked the author and his little book very much, and were delighted, upon opening the May number of *Scribner's Monthly*, to find him writing upon a subject that has for us a special interest. It is one of a new series entitled, "Back Log Studies," more elevated in character than his previous series. He is sitting with a group of his friends about the fire in the winter garden, discussing the literature of the day, more particularly the newspapers. The "Parson," who is something of a grumbler, seems to be well enough suited with the newspapers as they are. The others are a little severe upon him. Admitting that the newspapers have improved within the last decade, the "Fire Tender" insists that their tone should be more elevated; that we need a higher order of newsgatherers. "I am tired," he says, "of having the under world occupy so much space in the newspapers. The reporters are rather more alert for a dog-fight than a philological convention. It must be that the good deeds of the world outnumber the bad in any given day; and what a good reflex action it would have on society if they could be more fully reported than the bad. I suppose the Parson would call this the Enthusiasm of Humanity."

Call it what enthusiasm you like, it is one that all good people should have. It is the enthusiasm that we have as followers of Paul—Paul who said, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

DUET.

Wallingford Community.

THE DUMB SPEAK.

AT an exhibition held not long since by the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, in the city of New York, the public attending were highly gratified by the proficiency of its scholars. At the opening of the exhibition Dr. Blumenthat, President of the institution, sketched in a few words many interesting facts in regard to the progress of the school and its pupils. Under the direction of Prof. Rising, its Principal, classes, one two, three and four were examined, doing credit to teachers and scholars. The children were required to write upon the black-board and afterwards to pronounce words and even sentences given them, which they did with surprising alacrity and clearness. Whispered orders from the Professor were executed by the children in tones loud and distinct. The feat of repeating the multiplication-table was creditably accomplished by the third class, as also the performance of several examples in arithmetic. It was evidently not without effort that loud articulation was made, yet it was made in a manner which gave proof of patient perseverance and cultivation. The attainments of class number four were yet more wonderful. Ex-

June 3, 1872

amination found them familiar with history, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. It is said they showed "an amount of study and application rarely exhibited by those who possess all their faculties." The doctor interrogated them upon politics a little, inquiring of a bright little boy, "Who is our President?"

"Ulysses Grant," was the quick reply.

"Who will be the next President?" asked Dr. B.

"I rather think Horace Greeley will," the boy unhesitatingly answered, amid the laughter and loud applause of the audience.

The whole exhibition was truly remarkable. If the dumb are taught to speak, what wonders may we not expect?

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1872.

A writer in the *Phrenological Journal* raises the question, "Did Ann Lee, the founder of Shakerism, teach celibacy? or did she simply teach chastity?" He says, "We have not found, we can not find anything in history, to warrant the inference that Ann Lee taught practical celibacy;" and gives it as his opinion, that "Mother Ann" simply intended to denounce the loose habits of society, and to pour out her wrath on lustful libertines, in the interests of chastity, not of celibacy. He urges our Shaker friends to try to see the subject in this light, and to enter into matrimony like other good citizens, and furnish the world an example of chastity in marriage, meanwhile becoming "fathers and mothers of a superior order of human beings." We think the *Phrenological Journal* man has undertaken too much. It is not at all likely that the Shakers will acknowledge themselves all dupes, and they could not even consider his question without doing so. How would it answer to explain to them the great discovery of "male continence," and try to persuade them that by it they can avoid all the evils that cursed the early married life of "Mother Ann," practice entire chastity, and still become "fathers and mothers of a superior order of human beings."

From the reports of the National Coöperative Congress, recently held at Bolton, England, we learn that in England there are 400 coöperative societies with a total of 177,263 members; included in this are 1500 stores for the sale of goods, 30 of which are productive societies manufacturing various articles of merchandise, such as cotton goods, fustians, cord, paper, woolen goods, broadcloth, blankets, hosiery, shawls, shirting, etc. The distributive stores embrace almost every variety of articles of consumption in general use, especially those chiefly used by the working classes. One great feature, in connection with the distributive stores, is the establishment of the "North of England Wholesale Society," which supplies 399 stores with goods and has 235 societies in federation; it has a capital of 25,000 pounds sterling, and turns about four million dollars annually, at a yearly profit of about forty thousand dollars. This movement seems to be successful also in Scotland and Ireland, and to some extent also on the continent of Europe; but in this country such experiments, though sometimes successful, appear to have been more sporadic and on a much smaller scale, because, perhaps, the same pressing needs of such relief are not so keenly felt as in Europe. Whether the unity that has so far insured to coöperation such marked success in England is likely to be permanent we cannot say; neither do we know how much it really

benefits and elevates the poorer classes; but it seems to us "a step in the right direction," and we wish it well.

A universal and international fair or exposition of articles connected with domestic economy will be held in the Palace of Industry in Paris from the middle of July to the middle of October, 1872. The objects to be exhibited are arranged in ten groups, which are subdivided into forty-six classes. The first group comprises food and drink; the second, clothing; the third, habitations, models and plans for workingmen's homes, schools, hospitals, baths, materials of construction, improved methods of ventilation, water supply and drainage; the fourth, furniture, domestic utensils and articles for the decoration of home; the fifth, workingmen's tools in four classes; the sixth embraces objects designed for moral and material development, and includes books, pictures, scientific apparatus, instruments of music, plays for the recreation of workingmen and for the diversion of children; the seventh class includes the reports of coöperative societies and mutual insurance companies, designed for the welfare of the workingman, and publications whose design is to harmonize labor and capital; the eighth, medicine, surgery and hygiene; the ninth, carriages and boats; the tenth, history of labor and laborers. Room is left in the schedule for unclassified articles.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

THE politicians are just now busy in discussing the merits of presidential candidates; and we notice that *personal magnetism* is one of their most important tests. It is not enough that a candidate represents the principles of a party, he must be magnetic as well—must have the power of making and holding friends by his own individual attraction. There are of course those who protest against the application of any such test to a candidate for the high office of President; but it is not difficult to show that the magnetic element has played a very important part in presidential elections in the past, and that it is likely to become more prominent in the future; and so the test is generally applied, in spite of all protests. For our own part, we are inclined to think that personal magnetism is indispensable to a good leader; and frankly confess that our choice of candidate has been very much influenced by it. This will explain our strong adherence to Jesus Christ, and our persistent advocacy of his claims to the throne of this world. Our candidate gave full proof of his fitness for office eighteen hundred years ago, while a brief sojourner here, and evinced his personal magnetism, not only by drawing a strong constituency to his side and molding them into the likeness of his own spirit, but by healing the sick, casting out devils, and raising the dead. If personal magnetism ever becomes a paramount qualification for office, we submit that Jesus Christ is sure to be elected "King of kings and Lord of lords." He exerts sufficient personal magnetism at the present time in this world to save man from sin and selfishness, as many can testify; and we shall never cease to urge his claims, or electioneer for his election to the highest office the hearts of the people can bestow. W. H. W.

TURNER'S LATER PAINTINGS.

A CURIOUS controversy is going on in England concerning the later paintings of Turner. Englishmen point with pride to this great artist as the most consummate master of landscape-painting the world has produced. Some of his sea-views, especially, are said by Ruskin to be so near perfection that no critic could show anything which might be improved. He reveled in the display of color and strong lights. The glare of a setting

sun across the ocean torn by a passing tempest furnished him with a favorite subject. One of his admirers says that his orchestration of color, when compared with German coloring, is like Beethoven beside a brown thrush. Some of his pictures are almost priceless. But about the middle of his career his style underwent a strange change. The coloring was as splendid as ever, but the outlines were confused and objects were drawn up in perpendicular lines. In some of his pictures representing strong sunlight, objects at a distance were hardly recognizable. No botanist could make anything of some of his trees. In many instances a certain distance from the eye and attentive study are necessary to reduce the chaos to anything like reality.

When this change began to show itself the critics remonstrated, but Turner was obstinately indifferent to them; their goadings seemingly rendered his strange style still more extreme, and he vouchsafed no explanation. His pictures continued to bring immense prices, and he could afford to laugh at criticism. And so he continued painting until his death; leaving his later works the despair of critics, and, apparently, monuments of unconquerable obstinacy. Some admitted that, as music as an art has progressed from the simple effects of nature to the wonderful but artificial combinations to be heard in a grand symphony, so Turner's study of color led him little by little to introduce effects which are never seen in nature, but which reward the study of the cultivated eye. Certain it is that some of his best pictures contain impossibilities, such as the splendid lights of sunset while the sun is still high in the sky. Other incongruities have been pointed out. But this did not seem to fully explain his strange outlines; the drawing up of perpendicular lines and confused contours, so marked in his later pictures.

But lately a German physician named Liebreich, who has made a great reputation as an oculist, has visited England, and after seeing these puzzling later pictures has offered a curious physiological explanation of Turner's peculiarities. He says that there is a somewhat rare disease, in which the crystalline lens of the eye undergoes a change in shape, which tends to obliterate the sense of horizontal lines, while perpendicular ones are exaggerated and the general outline confused. He has succeeded in imitating this shape of the crystalline lens with glass lenses, and at a lecture on the subject which he delivered in London, he cast a reflection of one of Turner's earlier pictures (which shows none of the peculiar later effects) through a lens shaped in imitation of the diseased crystalline lens, upon a screen, when the picture became identical in style with Turner's latest productions. Another view, painted later, containing some of the most bewildering chaos, was shown through a lens fashioned to correct this peculiar defect of vision, and became quite intelligible. A tree which no botanist had been able to classify was easily seen to be a birch. Interesting observations were also made on another disease of the eye, which results in a change of appreciation of yellow light, which had been noticed in the later works of another eminent English artist, named Mulready.

Liebreich's interesting explanation seemed quite conclusive at the time it appeared; but a number of English scientists have entered a protest against what they seem to consider a low view of Turner's art. They say he was not a mere bald copyist, as many of the Germans are, but an artist in the broadest sense, who brought to light many new aspects of nature; and they claim that even the most puzzling of his later pictures can be explained on natural grounds. They offer the following solution: As Turner's study of color and light progressed he was led to treat subjects which

are usually avoided by reason of their difficulty. Instead of treating light coming from one side, with its source hidden or obscured, he like an eagle looked the sun in the eye, and in most of his later pictures placed it in the field of view not very far removed from the line of vision. Now any one knows that it is impossible to look at the unclouded sun with the eyes wide open. They must be partially closed and are suffused with tears. The tears collecting before the eye-ball cause the confusion of outline and the drawing up of perpendicular lines, exactly as represented in Turner's later pictures. As Turner could not represent the overpowering intensity of the sun's light by color, he closed his eyes until the intensity became so moderated that it could be put upon canvas, and then painted landscapes as they appeared. If any one will accustom himself to looking at the sun and sun-bathed landscapes, as Turner probably did, his latest pictures will seem not only natural but reflections of a most gorgeous aspect of nature, neglected by less discerning artists.

It is difficult to say which party is in the right of this most interesting controversy. T.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The machinists have just completed a power-machine for measuring silk—the invention of L. F. Dunn—and are making twenty-five hand-measuring machines, for the same purpose.

—A room in the recently vacated dwelling-home at Willow-Place was fitted up during last week, and Saturday, the 25th, goods, shelves, counters, and whatever belonged to the "O. C. Store," were transferred to that locality; and the store has already been opened there.

—A few evenings since Mrs. Baker put her lace collars on the lawn to bleach. Early the next morning a robin was seen to pick them up in his bill and soar aloft with them; some one called out loudly, and he dropped them, but was seen afterward to pick them up again. This time he flew over the reservoir into a clump of evergreens; upon searching, the collars were found entangled with the branches of the tree. Evidently the robin found them too cumbersome for his purpose, and so left them. This is the second time within a few years the robins have been known to pilfer collars. We shall look out for the rogues hereafter.

Sunday, 26.—The fairest of fair days. The air is balmy—the sky cloudless. We are tempted to stroll abroad; we make a circuit by the Creek, through the meadow, on the adjacent hill—the scenery is enchanting, lovely. The landscape is spread before us like a panorama, including the site of our own loved homestead. With a western rising background, the O. C. Mansion appears as if embosomed among hills covered with greenwood, blooming trees, and bowers of evergreens. We return with a deeper appreciation of the beautiful in God's creation.

Evening.—A short musical entertainment in the Hall between the hours of 6 & 7.—We had an unusually interesting meeting. A conspiracy had been set on foot during the week—a veritable intrigue!—and so cautious had been the maneuvering that the intended victim had not the least inkling of the plot, and most of the family were also unconscious. But it all came out to-night with great éclat! The world over, you could not find a more unpretending, unassuming woman than our Mrs. Bristol (or "Aunt Delight," as we all call her)—indeed, in our mind she is the very embodiment of the terms meekness, gentleness, and the like: always quietly serving, but never offending; ever ready to lend a helping hand when called on, but never putting herself forward in word or deed; her

only dread being of publicity; almost her only fault exceeding modesty. This conspiracy was against her—inoffensive Aunt Delight. She is fifty years old to-day, and some of the young people, in anticipation of this anniversary, put their heads together for the purpose of making it an occasion of general rejoicing, and, as they expressed it, "for once to make Aunt Delight conspicuous." She is, by the way, a favorite with all classes, and they well knew every one would be glad to contribute to her happiness. So a few (enjoined to keep the matter as private as possible) were commissioned to make all necessary preparations. They made their appointments, assigning a few to write *billet-doux*; one or two to contribute poems; another a song. A game was selected, refreshments prepared, etc. In fact, everything was all "cut and dried" beforehand, so that there should be no awkward pauses in the performance. At the time appointed, half-past eight, the whole plot was disclosed to the family, amid enthusiastic applause. Aunt Delight blushed, and looked the most non-plused creature you ever saw, while every one else enjoyed her very embarrassment. The expressions of love and good will that followed were heart-cheering. Then came the reading of the poems and notes, which she heard for the first time in our public assembly. The poem, written for this special occasion by Mrs. E. Y. J., was first read:

Who is one who cares for others?
Loves to serve with heart and might—
Has soft words for sisters, brothers?
Always kind? 'tis Aunt Delight.

Who is patient, hopeful, loving?
Has a faith no power can blight?
Both by word and deed approving
All that's pure? 'tis Aunt Delight.

Who of faithfulness a sample—
Industry, and courage bright—
Is to youth a rare example?
'Tis our much loved Aunt Delight.

Many years have now passed o'er her,
Half a century 's winged its flight,
But old time, whose grasp is hoary,
Touched but lightly Aunt Delight.

Youthful vigor, health and pleasure,
All that charms both heart and sight
Be the portion without measure
Of our sister—Aunt Delight.

Of the several notes that were afterwards read we will copy a few:

"DEAR AUNT DELIGHT:—It seems that you and I are very nearly of an age, as my fiftieth birthday was only last month. I wonder if you feel as I did on that day. In my mind I considered it a victorious day rather than otherwise. I thanked God that He had permitted me to see my fiftieth birthday. I really am always glad as the years roll round, that another year is added to my number. We need not feel, as we grow older in years, that we are older in spirit. We can thank God that we are in the resurrection, and that every year, as it rolls along, has added just so much to our stock of experience in the wisdom and knowledge of God. E. M. L."

"DEAR AUNT DELIGHT:—I am one of many who rejoice with you to-day. What saith the old rhyme?

At ten a child, at twenty wild,
At thirty staid if ever,
At forty wise, at fifty rich,
At sixty good or never.

According to the rhyme you have arrived at riches. Count your treasures. Are they gold or things perishable? A worldling might call you poor; but we, who have a knowledge of Christ and the in-world, know your wealth.

"Congratulating you on having had a birthday, and believing that each anniversary of it will find you growing and expanding into the full blessedness of Community love and life, I will close. C. S."

"DEAR SISTER:—I am informed that this is the anniversary of your birthday—that you have attained the ripe age of half a century. Permit a brother who has preceded you in this attainment to offer you, not his condolence, but his sympathies and congratulations. According to the custom of the world, our time of life is one that should strongly tempt us to succumb to the worldly feelings and

imaginings which usually accompany advancing years; but I am sure we need not do this; on the contrary, we are called as members of Christ, and justified by every truthful view of the subject, 'to renew our youth,' and our zeal and enthusiasm as live workers for the kingdom of heaven. Let the "old man" continue to grow old, and die if he will—the sooner the better. Speed him to the regions of the dead, with all the endless curses on his head that the hymn-book tells about. But let us who have taken upon us the name of Christ contend earnestly for our faith-rights, and reckon ourselves as on the 'sunny side of fifty.' S. R. L."

Mr. Woolworth, whose birthday also happens to-day, wrote as follows:

"DEAR SISTER:—Our ages are not precisely the same, for I have not lived quite half a century yet; but the coincidence in respect to the month and the day is interesting to me. As we ripen in years we have the blessed assurance that we are ripening for immortality, and there is no occasion for us to mourn the flight of time."

Next came a song, the words and melody of which were the off-hand production of H. J. S. It alludes to Mr. Bristol, whose name is Birdsey, in his capacity as a baker:

A young New England farmer
Once found his heart grew warmer,
As humming thus a negro song
He sought his lady bright:

Chorus.—You want your sins forgiven,
You want to go to heaven,
You want dis world set right,
Den you must come out to De-light.

He prospered in his wooing,
Then with a Bird's-eye viewing
The way that lay before him,
Thus he sang to his Delight:

Chorus.—We want our sins forgiven, etc.

Thus loving one another,
They both set out together,
And joined the happy people
Where they're singing every night:

Chorus.—You want your sins forgiven, etc.

And thus the world forsaking,
He's singing at his baking;
And like his sweet white loaves of bread
His heart is warm and light.

Chorus.—You want your sins forgiven, etc.

She's busy in the kitchen,
Or working at her stitchin';
She's helping make the happy home
Where all is warm and bright.

Chorus.—She's found her sins forgiven,
She's found the way to heaven,
She helps to set the world aright
By bringing in De-light.

This was sung with enthusiasm by a company of young people, and brought down the house. The chairs were then arranged and fourteen couples seated themselves in the center of the room for the new game. The game we played is called "The Lawyer." The couples sit facing each other so as to form a Court. The lawyer asks questions; if you answer for your partner, well and good; but if for yourself, you must pay a forfeit. The fun was lively, and no end to the forfeits. One person was appointed as judge for all delinquents, and for that purpose had been furnished with a long list of judgments. In the course of the game Aunt Delight was judged and crowned with a handsome wreath. She came forward modestly, but with a quiet grace very becoming to her, and joined in the merriment with the rest. The game finished, refreshments were served, and the festivity ended the most enjoyable birthday celebration that we can remember.

Thursday, 30th.—Last evening ten of our people attended a concert at Oneida given by the "Schubert Quartet Club." Their report was very favorable, and the rest of us expected to enjoy it by proxy. What, therefore, was our surprise this morning when a handsome conveyance stopped before our door, containing the members of said Club. They are H. S. Wright, Tenor; M. J. Justin, Tenor; G. W. Parkhurst, Baritone; J. G. Parkhurst, Bass; E. Parkhurst, Pianist. They were accompanied by W. H. Weed, General Ticket

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Agent of the Midland railroad, who, we suspect, was instrumental in getting them to call upon us. They kindly consented to give us some music, though they had but a short time to stay. They sang three pieces: the first, "On! Gallant Company," a quartet; the second, "Laughing Song," a solo sung by J. G. Parkhurst; and the third, "The Two Roses," quartet. Their voices blended finely, and were well-balanced. We were pleased with their singing, especially the solo by Mr. J. G. Parkhurst, the bass. His voice was low, rich, musical and cultivated. His rendering of the "Laughing Song," besides greatly amusing us gave evidence of thorough acquaintance with his art. We might eulogize further, but will content ourselves by expressing our appreciation of the favor, as well as pleasure, of listening to such well-trained vocalists. They left on the noon train for Norwich, where they are to give a concert to-night.

WILLOW PLACE.

THE VILLA.

Our new home is named at last. What to call the house the Willow Place family moved into this spring has been mooted for a month. This house is situated about a quarter of a mile from the old W. P., and like that is on the famous turnpike which once teemed with all the western emigration of this country. It was built indeed for a tavern; and seventy years ago, when taverns were thick as mile-stones on this great highway all along its length from Albany to Buffalo, twenty stages might be seen halting here at once; so say the oldest inhabitants. It is elevated from thirty to forty feet above the level of the pond and of the other house, and we observe an improvement in the air as well as the prospect. The whistle of the Central has a shriller tone, and the time signals of the O. C. sound nearer than before. It has very pleasant lawns, which we expect to enlarge and adorn. The natural advantages for a little park around it are fine, including, as the O. C. grounds do not, a pretty bit of water scenery. By taking away a partition with folding-doors between two parlors, we made a good sized Hall—the room which is parlor, sitting-room and church in all our Communes. Our entire family accommodations have been improved by the change. But now for the name.—Humphrey, running over the house and seeing the same furniture in the Hall, the rotary tables in the dining-room, the kittens in the wood-shed, etc., etc., called it the "New Willow Place;" but that is not the name. The name was found after a great deal of hunting. It was first discussed in a "union meeting." (A "union meeting" takes place when "the bus" comes over and carries us all to O. C. for an evening.) The discussion was suggested by the following communication:

"A name is wanted for our new house at W. P., and I have been asked to suggest one. I will write what I have thought upon, and invite others to propose names. It seems worth some painstaking to put a good handle on to our new basket. The most natural way to designate the new house would be to call it the *Willow-Place Commune*. In that case we should keep the old name *Willow Place*, and distinguish its several members, as the *Willow-Place Factory*, the *Willow-Place Store*, and the *Willow-Place Commune*. This would be a little objectionable as too long and perhaps too dignified for common use. In some respects it would be better to have a single word and even a short word for so common mention. We seek to economize by abbreviating Oneida Community to O. C., and find it very convenient. I have thought of the *Scenondoh House*, as marking the connection of that Commune with Scenondoh Creek, as O. C. is connected with Oneida Creek. But this is too long, and we should abbreviate it to *Scenadore*, which word is already appropriated to a village. The Brook Farmers had four separate houses, which they named "The Hive," "The Eyrie," "The Cottage," and "The Pilgrim House." None of those

would suit, unless "The Cottage." They are all rather sentimental. Perhaps we shall find the best name by following the idea that the new home is a secondary of the O. C. For example, we might call it *The Consort*, or *The Tender*, which in nautical language is a supply-ship attending a large vessel, and in railroad language is the companion-car of the locomotive. So we might call it *The Yawl*, which is the name of the small boat that drags at the stern of a sloop on the North River. But the name of this sort that strikes my fancy the best is *The Gig*. That is the name of the row-boat in which the commander of a man-of-war or other large craft goes ashore. *The Gig* would be quite expressive as well as the shortest possible. With these imperfect suggestions I leave the whole matter to the 'assembled wisdom.'—J. H. N."

The "assembled wisdom" found fault with all the names mentioned by this writer, and rejected three times as many more suggested by others. A considerable class wished to have the old name transferred. This was the policy of indolence. Others proposed modifications, as "Willow-Place House," "The Willows," and even "Willoughby." Some wanted the name to connect the house with the factory pond, which, homely in its uses, is a very gem in the landscape, and they proposed "Lake House," "Pond House," and "Willowmere." Others thought the trees which surround it should give the house its name; and as there are two magnificent silver maples in the yard, "The Maples" was suggested. "Kilmarnock" was proposed, after a curious species of Weeping Willow near the gate. "The Manse," "The Grange," "Millside," and many other names, were mentioned; but the more names the less prospect of decision; and it was concluded at length to write several of those which seemed to meet with most acceptance on a piece of paper and hang the paper on the bulletin board, and then in the course of two or three days everybody should signify their choice by signing their names under the ones they preferred. "Willow Place," "The Manse," and "Kilmarnock" appeared to be the most popular, but neither of them pleased a satisfactory majority. So day after day went by without any decision. Meanwhile Wallingford sent us the opinion of that Commune that the right word was yet to be discovered, and S. W. N., of W. C., wrote the following lucubration in vain:

"I would suggest *Olivet* as an appropriate name for the new-house. In the sense in which I would apply it, it signifies a place of retirement. This name was suggested to me by studying Christ's habits; one of which was, that of retiring to the Mount of Olives, when he wished to be alone, and spend his time in prayer. It was a sort of home to him. (See *Jno. 7: 53, 8: 1*.) There is frequent mention of his going to the Mount of Olives on other occasions, showing that it was a favorite place of resort for him. Mr. Noyes's course in regard to W. P. has been somewhat parallel. If I recollect rightly, he left O. C. and took up his abode at W. P. on account of superior facilities for retirement, reflection and study; we know the result? Some of the richest discourses he has ever delivered have come from that place. s. w. n."

It went on as we said till our family were living here the second week without a name—a condition truly inconvenient to us, but particularly distressing to Mother O. C., who has to mention us in her affairs and her cares fifty times a day. Finally, night before last the question was brought up in our own meeting and we contrived to decide the important matter, though it was by accident rather than by wit. We had been looking out the Hebrew word for helpmeet, and trying to find some Greek word for home; the Hebrew was *ever-kenege-do*, quite impracticable, and the Greek was wanting. Then some one asked what the gardens where Socrates and Plato talked philosophy were called; the answer was, "Academy;" so we looked in Webster for the meaning of academy, and lo! we found our long-sought-for name in his first definition: "a

garden, a grove, a *villa near Athens*, where Plato and his followers held their philosophic conferences." "*The Villa*—what kind of a name would that be?" said J. H. N. "I like it," said this one and that. Every one in the room liked it. T. R. N. said it was generic, to be sure; but while this is the only villa we have, "*The*" will distinguish it, and when we have more, we can call this "The Willow-Place Villa." O. C. indorsed our choice, and so we write no more from a nameless habitation, but from "The Villa."

"THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY REGISTER" for 1871-72 is quite an elaborate work. In addition to the usual features of an educational catalogue, it contains a description of the grounds surrounding the university buildings and a number of views of the buildings themselves. Considerable space is occupied by an address of Prof. Gilman of Yale, delivered at the dedication of the "Sibley College of the Mechanic Arts." This building is almost exclusively devoted to the mechanic arts. The first floor is a machine-shop, the second contains several lecture-rooms, and the third the mechanical and architectural draughting rooms and a museum of botany. We notice that "the absence of a daily marking system" is a special feature at Cornell. The specimens of examination papers show that it is no place for lazy and incompetent students. The perusal of "the Register" has increased our respect for the institution of which it is an exponent; and we wish the Cornell University the largest success.

By favor of the publishers—Messrs. Hamersly & Co. of Philadelphia—we have received a copy of the *Transatlantic Magazine* for June. As its name implies, it consists of choice selections from foreign current literature. We see represented in its pages such standard English periodicals as the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, etc. Among other papers we notice one entitled, "Old Wine in New Bottles," which, taking for its text the saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," goes on to show that many of the so-called "Irish bulls" of our day were current among the ancient Greeks. The same is true of a great number of our myths and fables. Even the symbol of the cross is claimed to have had its origin before the date of the Christian era. "Behind the Scenes," from *Tinsley's Magazine*, gives some amusing incidents of stage-life. That a magazine of the eclectic nature of the one before us may be successful, is fully proved by the popularity of *Littell's Living Age* and other periodicals. We see no reason why the *Transatlantic*—already we notice in its fifth volume—should not win its way to equal favor with the reading public.

AGRICULTURAL.

Wheat—Cattle—Sheep—Sugar-Factories.

THE Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for March and April, 1872, has reached us. The account it gives of the condition of winter grain throughout the United States is generally unfavorable. The fall droughts and unusually severe winter, with comparatively little snow, are named as the causes. Even in South Carolina considerable wheat was winter-killed. Returns from fifty-eight counties in Illinois indicate a crop below an average in twenty-six counties; the remainder promises an average or superior crop. From the Pacific coast the returns are nearly all favorable, both in California and Oregon.

The Report is decided in its recommendation of the use of the drill in sowing grain. On this point it says:

Where the seeding was done with the drill, on land having any fair degree of suitable preparation.

almost immunity from loss by freezing has been secured. It is strange that the use of the drill has not become universal. The fact remains that nearly all the wheat of the Eastern States, almost all in the South, much in the Middle States, and no little in all portions of the Western, is seeded by hand. The use of drills enough to supersede all the broadcast sowing of the country would secure in a single year increased yield sufficient to pay for them.

The condition of the cattle, particularly at the South, owing to the severe winter and short crops, is in some cases spoken of as "deplorable." One cause of this is, that winters are generally so mild at the South that farmers had made no provision for housing and feeding their cattle, as at the North; another cause was the severe drought. In Texas thousands of cattle died from these causes.

In regard to sheep the reports are far more favorable. The high price of wool has led farmers to take excellent care of their sheep, and the returns are with some exceptions satisfactory. The unfavorable returns are principally from the South, particularly from Virginia and the Carolinas.

The Report contains a letter from J. Franchell, "one of the principal proprietors of the oldest beet-sugar factories in Sweden," which is highly interesting to those concerned in the business in this country. There are now over one thousand beet-sugar factories in Europe, and the number is rapidly increasing. In some cases the profits on the business are very great.

The following paragraph on "Keeping Grain in Vacuo" will interest some:

Some time ago Dr. Louvel suggested the idea of keeping grain in a partial vacuum, by introducing it into air-tight vessels and exhausting the air, this being intended to prevent injury from dampness, and to secure it from the attacks of insects as well as vermin. We now learn that this idea has been brought to a practical test, and that it bids fair to enter largely into the operations of grain-dealers. For the purpose in question, vessels are made of boiler-iron, to contain about twenty-seven bushels; and after the grain is introduced and the cover applied, a vacuum is effected, which, for this purpose, need not involve a reduction of pressure of over one-sixth to one-seventh of the ordinary atmosphere. Any number of these receptacles can of course be made, and can be used over and over again indefinitely.

The Report also contains chapters with the following captions: "Entomological Record;" "Chemical Notes;" "First Words of the Botanist;" "Scientific Notes;" and "Facts from Various Sources."

FOREST AND FLOOD.

BY R. S. DELATRE.

IT is wonderful how little men have regarded the many warnings given them from time to time by the ruinous effects of the wholesale destruction of the forest. So invariably has the flood followed the extermination of the mountain-forest, that nature would seem to have cried aloud to them to spare that portion at least of her silvan domain. They might have seen that as long as the high places retained their native covering, the waters received by them from above were widely and equally distributed by means of the innumerable little streamlets that issued from their covert. They might also have noticed that when those high places were stripped of their natural clothing, they lost with it the magic power of economizing the rains of heaven by storing them up; so that the waters were left to pursue their headlong course, swelling as they sped, and carrying everything before them. To the dancing and sparkling brook succeeded the rushing and foaming torrent. Surely, they might at least have suspected that nature had thrown up the mountains and clothed them with lofty woods to serve as great reservoirs for the rain and snows they so readily attract; so that there might be a

never-failing supply for the rivulets to distribute all around. Nay, more, they might have seen and revered the wise and beautiful economy which would not suffer those precious waters to hurry back to the ocean in ravaging torrents, without duly refreshing the soil, but provided for their disposal in a way so well adapted to the end in view, and yet so simple that a mere child might almost comprehend it. The power of a forest to hold water is incredible to those who have never given it a thought—to say nothing of its faculty of distilling it from the dews of heaven. So that in one way and another the forest becomes as well a collector as a distributor of that element. Most assuredly, in view of all this, we are no Spaniard in our estimate of a tree; but I would not be too severe on the poor peasant in Europe, who has some excuse for his dislike. In the fact that trees harbor the birds that consume his grain; and it must be remembered, too, that the winged tribes are much more numerous there than here.

A mountain-forest, then, is not merely a fine thing to look at, but it is something we cannot spare. They will tell you so in the Old World, for their eyes are now open. The damage that has followed the stripping of the mountains and hill-sides of Europe is almost beyond belief, both in extent and rapidity of consummation; and it is feared that in some parts of this country a similar or even greater calamity will attend the reckless career of the backwoodsman. We have many a mountain range as yet inviolate, many a hillside still decked in virgin livery; and it is not too late to take warning from the sad fate of European fields. Marsh himself casts a wishful glance at the Brown's Tract, for instance, partly with a view to its preservation as "a museum for the student, a garden for the lover of nature, and an asylum where native tree and shade-loving plant, and fish and fowl and four-footed beast, may live and multiply under such protection as the laws of a people jealous of restraint can afford them," maintaining that "the forest alone, well managed, would soon yield, even with benefit to its permanence and growth, a regular income greater than the present value of the fee"—while he declares that the felling of the Adirondack forests would entail upon Northern and Central New York, consequences as ruinous perhaps as those that followed the laying bare the slopes of the French Alps, etc. In fine, our plea in behalf of the mountain-forest becomes still more emphatic, when we reflect that this continent of North America may be regarded as a God-given home for the more progressive portion of the human race.

AMERICAN BUTTER-MAKING.

Willard's "Practical Dairy Husbandry," a work recently noticed in the CIRCULAR, has a long and interesting article on butter-making, from which we condense the following paragraphs:

American butter-makers on the associative plan base their claims for superiority on two essential points: 1. Regulating the temperature of the milk by water instead of air circulation; 2. Combining the proceeds of a large number of dairies under one competent manager, with the most improved appliances, aided by whatever suggestions science can offer. Orange County, N. Y., has taken the lead in organizing butter factories, with results entirely satisfactory. The most improved processes now combine butter and skim-cheese manufacture. The Orange County method is as follows: The milk from five hundred or more cows is set in pails that are deep, but with small diameter. This is a wide departure at the outset from the ordinary shallow pan; but it is claimed that the amount of cream obtained is not less than by the old method. These pails are then placed in

long wide vats, through which cool spring water circulates, by which means the animal heat in the milk is removed within an hour, and an even temperature preserved. The cream is kept in stone jars, in cool, airy cellars till the periodical churning time, which occurs two or three times a week; the old-fashioned barrel-and-dash churn being preferred.

In preparing butter for the market the aim is to present it in the most attractive form possible, even to wrapping it up in gilt-edged paper, in beautifully ornamented pound packages, which bring from forty-five to fifty cents more in the market than common brands. The best butter-makers pay especial attention to what is called the "grain," that is, butter to be of the best quality should be of a waxy consistency, not sticky or salvy when cut. The fine flavor of choice butter is due to the presence in very small quantity of certain odoriferous oils, which the best makers are careful to preserve in working. Palmitin is the chief fat of butter; there is also eighteen or twenty per cent. of water. The fat of milk occurs in minute pellicles each inclosed in a sac, invisible to the naked eye. These rise to the surface, forming what is called cream. In the course of twenty-four hours the sacs become thin or disappear, and if the cream be then taken in mass and agitated these minute globules aggregate together, and finally form the compact homogeneous mass which "comes" as butter in the churn. It will thus be seen that a certain lapse of time is necessary before the proper conditions for bringing the butter can be fulfilled. A slow agitation of the cream in churning is found to be preferable to rapid motion, as the butter comes out much freer from cream and butter-milk. All butter-factories are also cheese-factories. The milk after skimming is taken before souring and manipulated in the regular way for cheese-making. The cheese thus made is sold at a fair price. Since the introduction of butter-factories a higher standard among all classes has obtained. Grease is done away with by the new system, and a golden, delicious, healthful article takes its place. J. H. C.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Great discoveries in science are not often made by one individual alone. They are generally preceded by a period of active research by a large number of workers, each contributing his share to the statement of the problem if not to its solution. Then the lucky man makes the discovery which transmits his name to posterity, while others who contributed no less to the final result are forgotten. There is no more striking illustration of this than the history of the discovery of the electric telegraph. The recent death of the distinguished Prof. Morse has revived the inquiry as to the share of credit he is justly entitled to in the invention which has made his name illustrious. Englishmen formerly claimed the discovery for Prof. Wheatstone, but since more attention has been turned in England to American science Prof. Morse's title to priority has been admitted by many. But in this country Prof. Morse is not permitted to wear his honors undisputed. There is good reason to believe that but for the assistance of Prof. Henry, now President of the Smithsonian Institution, Prof. Morse's invention would have proved incapable of transmitting signals to any great distance, and would have practically failed. Quite a controversy occurred between them several years ago, and the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution investigated the subject. Their report established the importance of Prof. Henry's discoveries, which were partly admitted by Prof. Morse. However, if due credit is allowed other inventors the name of Samuel Finley Morse will lose none of its luster, as that of the man who pushed to actual attainment a discovery which stands only second in importance to the art of printing and the steam engine in its bearing on the progress of civilization.

Our knowledge of the effects of the spots on the sun which increase and decrease regularly in a Unnec-

11.11 years, is beginning to be quite a science by itself. There is no doubt that very wide-spread effects take place in climate, but this is yet in confusion. The frequency of auroras and magnetic storms are known with certainty to depend on the variations of sun-spots. A French observer has shown that the years marked by an unusually large wine-crop in France have been coincident with the minima of sun-spots, as far back as the records run. The latest observation we have seen in this line is that of an English physician, who thinks he has traced a marked correspondence between the sun-spot period and the journeyings of the Asiatic cholera.

New elements have been discovered with singular regularity ever since the foundation of modern chemistry by Lavoisier. In 1859 it seemed that the list was completed as far as the methods of research then at command could go; but suddenly the new method of analysis with the spectroscope was discovered and was followed by the rapid discovery of four new elements: cesium, rubidium, thallium and indium, the last discovered in 1863. Cesium and rubidium were before confounded with potassium, and chemists were puzzled by false results in the analysis of supposed compounds of potassium, which have since been proved to be those of cesium. Thallium and indium are metals resembling lead and antimony, and occur, especially the latter, in very small quantities.

As it is now nine years since the discovery of indium, it is about time, if discovery in the future is to keep pace with the past, for the appearance of a new element. Dr. Odling, in a lecture on indium, said that he knew no reason why the list of elements should not be indefinitely increased. The spectroscope, which has detected most of the known elements in the sun, stars and nebulae, shows thousands of lines which are due to no known substance, and the spectrum of each star, among the millions which fill the depth of space, differs from that of every other. So we may say that we have evidence of the existence of thousands of new elements, but as we know none of their characteristics nor whether the unappropriated lines in the spectrum are due to one or more elements, we cannot be said to know anything positive enough to constitute discovery. Dr. Jansen, in his observations on the total eclipse of the sun in India last December, obtained evidence of a new element surrounding the sun above the hydrogen envelope, but of this we know only one characteristic, i. e., it is lighter than hydrogen.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Twelve vessels of the Newfoundland sailing fleet have been lost.

A Jewish hospital, costing \$340,000, was dedicated last week in New York city.

It is asserted that New York ladies of high rank hire their finery for balls, dinners, etc., \$10.00 securing a magnificent outfit of silk or velvet dress, jewelry, opera cloak, gloves, and fan.

Frederick Law Olmstead has been appointed Commissioner of Public Parks in place of Henry G. Stebbins resigned. Mr. Olmstead was the first architect and engineer of the Central Park.

Mr. Gilmore has succeeded, the papers say, in inducing the Band of the Garde Républicaine of Paris and the Royal Irish Constabulary Band, to take part in his World's Peace Jubilee, in addition to those previously mentioned.

The House Judiciary Committee, by a vote of five to four, has decided to recede from its previous decision to report the bill of Mr. Voorhees. This decision disposes of the Mormon question so far as the present session of Congress is concerned.

The action of the Presbyterian General Assembly, recently held in Detroit, was against allowing women any increased liberty in the church—"to teach and exhort or lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies is clearly forbidden to women in the holy oracles."

By the Stearns instruments, telegraphic messages may be sent on one wire in both directions at the same time. It is recorded that the Western Union Telegraph Company, by means of one of these instruments, sent in which 72 messages from New York to Boston and Boston to New York.

There is an epidemic of strikes sweeping over the large cities. Nearly all the trades seem to have caught the infection. The demand of the workingmen is that eight hours shall constitute a day's labor, and this point is generally conceded by the employers, so that business has not been seriously disturbed.

The supplementary article to the Washington Treaty, with a few modifications, passed the Senate by a large majority; but the latest dispatches from London indicate that the English Cabinet do not like the American amendments, and that the entire negotiations are likely to fail. The points in dispute are not yet made public.

We learn from W. H. Weed, General Ticket Agent and Telegraphic Superintendent of the Midland railroad, that one hundred and twenty-five miles of said road were opened for travel the past week, extending from Jersey City through New Jersey into the heart of Sullivan county in this State. The rest of the road between here and New York is under contract to be finished in July; but some of the Midland officials think cars will not be running through to Jersey City much before October. The telegraphic line will, however, soon be opened through to New York.

"The cloud which overhangs the Methodist Book Concern," says the *Tribune*, "grows blacker and blacker." The Special Committee of Investigation appointed by the General Conference has received a series of informal reports apparently more damaging than Dr. Lanahan's wildest statements. An error of \$20,000 in footing up a column of figures was covered by carrying \$17,000 over from the previous year, and the remainder from "nowhere in particular," etc., etc. There is said to have been no balance-sheet kept for the last twenty years.

On Thursday the Investigating Committee made their report to the General Conference, in which they say that extensive frauds have been practiced in the bindery department of the Book Concern, and that there have been opportunities for fraud in other departments.

FOREIGN.

The English Government has decided to pardon the Fenians still in prison.

A movement appears to have commenced among several of the nations of Europe to destroy the power of the Jesuits by abolishing their establishments. The efforts of this Order to force the Infallibility Dogma upon the nations provokes such a war in return.

Spanish affairs are still in an unsatisfactory condition. The late Cabinet crisis was occasioned by the discovery that \$20,000,000 had been taken from the colonial revenue and used in the police spy system. It is said that the facts revealed compromise every person of prominence connected with the Spanish Government.

No little sensation was created in the English House of Commons on Tuesday last, by the protest of Thomas Hughes against the adjournment of the House for a day to allow the members an opportunity to attend the Derby races. He said, "it is incompatible with the dignity of the House to recognize horse-racing," and affirmed that the English race-courses had introduced the most corrupt and insidious system of gambling which had ever disgraced the country. The motion was, however, carried by the vote of 212 to 58.

Napoleon has sent a letter addressed to the generals and commandants of the French army, in which he says: "I am responsible for Sedan. The army fought heroically with an enemy double its strength. After 14,000 had been killed or wounded, I saw the contest was merely one of desperation. The army's honor having been saved, I exercised my sovereign right and unfurled the flag of truce. It was impossible that the immolation of 60,000 men could save France. I obeyed a cruel, inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To S. F., Brooklyn.—We have sent away the last copy of the tract "Male Continence;" but we are intending to soon publish a new and improved edition.

A western editor, who claims to have first proposed the Cincinnati candidates, vents his enthusiasm in this high sounding way:—"Sound the hew-gag; strike the ton-jon; beat the fuzzy-guzzy; wake the gong-kwong; let the loud hosanna ring; bum-tum, fuzzle-bum, ding-go him! Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! praise Him all patriots here below! Glory! Glory! Glo-o-ory!!!"

Te Deum laudamus! Radicalism the great is falling, is falling! Huge will be its tumble, and few will be the mourners. Ring out, ye bells, bells, bells!—the steamboat bells, the far-sounding bells; the cow-bells, the peaceful bells; the sleigh-bells, the merry bells; the church bells, the deep-toned bells; the factory bells, the engine bells, the belles in bell-shaped crinolines—all the bells but SEWARD'S "little bell!" Ring, ring your glad anthems over city and country, over mountain and prairie, crag, river, lake, wildwood and valley. Let the joyous music strike the skies. Jingle, jingle! Ting-a-ling! Ding-dong, ding-dong!"

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